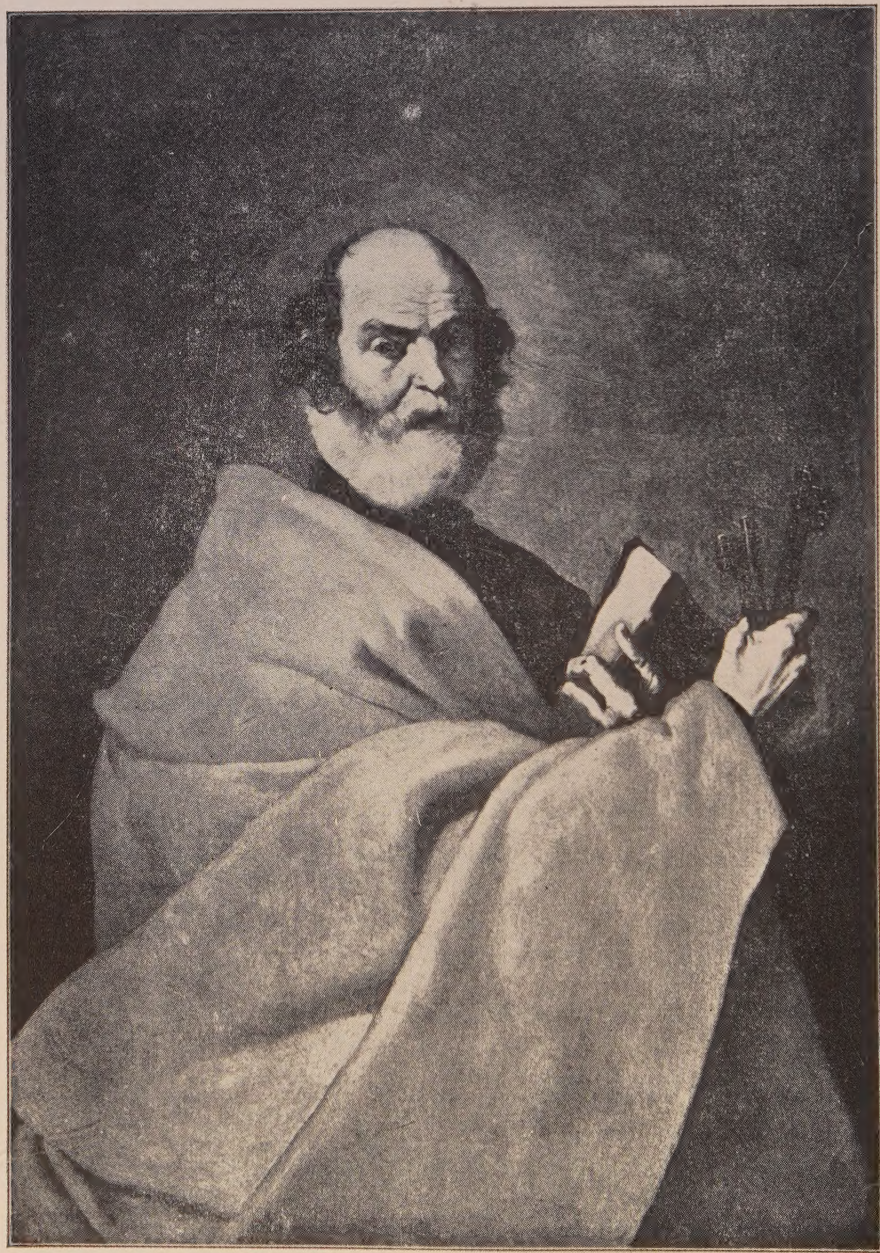


June, 1953

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Saint Peter
By Ribera

The Holy Cross Magazine

June



1953

The Hidden Life

BY MERLE G. WALKER

THE life of active Christians in the world is always an equilibrium, sometimes even a tension, between exterior and interior works. There is an outer life of vigorous action: of almsgiving, of evangelism, of fund-raising, acts of charity, and parish projects. Up to a point, these works are a valid test of the sincerity of our union with Our Lord. He Himself constantly emphasized this fact: "Be ye doers of the word;" "By their fruits ye shall know them." As the author of the *Cloud of Unknowing* shows, Mary and Martha must be made sisters, truly kin, if the soul's house is to become a Bethany for the Divine Guest. "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was made flesh; behold Him whom Mary served." (St. Augustine)

Yet despite the necessity for exterior works, the interior life must have first place. The true end of man is not service for God, but adoration of God. Our Lord did not come in His Incarnation to turn the external world of the Roman Empire upside down, nor to free the Jews from temporal oppression, but as Simeon said to our Lady

"that the thoughts of all hearts shall be revealed." The end of man is not, as it was for the Greeks and still is for the humanists, a temporal world made perfect in justice, but an eternal city of God, in which mankind shall be raised up from within, through penitence and love, into the fulness of the stature of Christ. External works are but the outside of our religious life . . . the visible, tangible, measurable part of a life which in its true essence is, as St. Paul said, "hid with Christ in God."

Beneath the noisy anxiousness of our public lives is a life which the world does not see, and cannot understand. In the average social group the mention of the Name of God is as embarrassing as an obscenity was to a Mid-Victorian. To speak of the inner life is felt as a breach of good manners. We must accept that kind of loneliness, that occasional feeling even of unreality in the world, and ask the prayers of the Blessed Virgin, one of whose greatest services to Our Lord was to provide Him, first in Her womb and then at Nazareth, with hiddenness.

But this hidden life is not, after all, really lonely, for it is also a shared life. It is not

only hid; it is hid *with Christ in God*. Father Chad Walsh says that one of the most frightening things about the Christian life is that it is absolutely without privacy. To Him all hearts are open, all desires are known. We are never alone. The hidden life is an uninterrupted life between the soul and God. It is always a shared communion . . . the continual giving of God to the soul, and the continual giving of the soul to God. Each gives the other an entire self—neither is lost or swallowed up in the other. Despite our careless use of mystical language, the soul is not lost in the ocean of God's being. Our Catholic doctrines of the resurrection of the Body and the Communion of Saints preserve us from the sentimental temptation to regard union with God as self-annihilation: sanctity is not so easy as all that. We have got to be ourselves forever, and the hidden life we have and give to Him is necessary as our part of that loving relationship in which He gives Himself to us.

This means that the interior life of prayer has two indispensable parts: God's part and man's part. Let us now consider it in more detail: What are we to do, and what are we to allow God to do within us?

In humility we must first accept the fact that God's part is by far the greater. The life of prayer is predominantly God's work

in the soul, and not the soul lifting herself to God by her own efforts. The interior life is not primarily a matter of "our prayers." God is the initiator. Prayer begins in His preventive grace. Francis Thompson's great figure of the "hound of heaven" is a real symbol. For Our Lord Himself said, "I have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." It would be well for us to pause sometimes as we kneel to say our prayers and ask ourselves the sober question: "How on earth did I ever get here anyhow?" We begin with the awestruck realization that despite our patent unworthiness, our utter ignorance, how even to begin to pray, and still more how to proceed once we have begun, God for reasons of His own has put His finger, not upon someone more gifted, more intelligent, more loving or more spiritual, but upon ME. As the Mozarabic Liturgy expresses it: "Thou hast laid on me the spirit of desire, O Christ; Thou hast charged me with Thy divine love." This is the first and lasting miracle of the interior life: He has kindled the desire for Him in our cold hearts. He is the aggressor; He is the pursurer; and the truth of the crucifix is that He will die rather than let us go.

God's part, then is first and greatest. The first interior works of the soul must be works of cooperation with Him. Let us now examine God's part in the life of Prayer and the proper answering responses of the soul.

We must remember that, from God's side, prayer is the work of the whole Trinity within us. It is, first of all, the work of God the Father, who created the soul, and hence the soul's work is meekness toward Him. Our life of prayer takes place in a particular unique soul which God has made. He has made it as it pleased Him, in a certain fashion, with certain capacities and without certain others which are to be found in different souls. When our soul is perfected, it will love Him in a particular way, which is not exactly like the love of any other soul, a way which He desires and cherishes because He is God the Father. The Kingdom of Heaven is not to be a society of spiritual robots, each saying some identical and perfect prayers. It is to



stead a heavenly plenteousness, a rich fullness, in which God shall be perfectly and completely loved, not by one perfect Saint, but by all redeemed mankind. There are swift saints and slow saints; saints like the prophets whose way is always a flame of love and adoration; and others who must struggle like St. Augustine through the byways and wastelands to find Him, and whose regretful cry is "Late have I loved Thee." God loves all equally, but He loves all personally. The life of prayer by which He will lead me to union with Himself has a form and shape, even a proper speed, and a definite capacity which is His will for my soul and for no other.

This holy diversity of souls is shown in our Lord's own ministry. How different were the natures and traits of the early apostles and saints! He chose a Saint Peter who was active, impulsive, rash and vacillating; Saint John, who looked on Him once and was never again really separated. Could there be two more unlike Saints than St. Theresa of Avila and St. Theresa of Lisieux. . . the "eagle and the dove" as Rebecca West calls them? It is hard to believe that either could have put up with the other's company without the utmost charity. Yet the interior life of each was the perfect example of a particular kind of sanctity.

Our first interior work, then, is meekness toward self: the acceptance of ourselves and our own capacities. It is so much easier to indulge in spiritual envy: to suppose that we had the intellectual understanding of one person, or the knowledge of theology of a second, or the fervour of devotion of a third, we should pray better. The Abbé de Tourville has given excellent advice for souls. "We must," he says, "free ourselves of the anxious desire to be (like) other souls, however virtuous or wise they may be. We are brothers and sisters of the saints. They became holy in their way; we must become holy in ours. The practical question for us is not to know whether they became saints or not . . . we know that they did . . . but that saints in order to reach sanctity have had to follow the path which God has made particularly ours. Therefore leave your soul,



FACE OF OUR LORD
Fresco from the Catacombs

too, to pray as suits it best, in its own way, without strain." (*Letters of Direction* by the Abbé de Tourville, edited by Evelyn Underhill, Dacre papers).

We can say then, that God the Father's part in the interior life requires a patient acceptance of the privacy and personalness of our own response to the love of God. But left to itself this individualism has a danger. Just because we are partial and different beings, if we follow only our own soul's bent we shall become biased, warped, unhealthy. The interior life must be both personal and social; personal in its sincere relation to God; social, in being a part of that corporate interior life of the whole organism of persons which is together, not separately the Bride of Christ. As we discover that kind of prayer to which we are adapted; that method of meditation through which we know we do grow in the knowledge and love of Christ, we must also enter more fully into an entire life, which is balanced and whole only in the prayer of the Church. For example, some of us are drawn, by our own natures and by our problems and sufferings to the Cross. St. Theresa said she could always be lifted to mental prayer by meditation on our Lord scourged at the pillar. But to avoid morbidity, our prayer must also at times be made to dwell, not only on the Cross to which we are naturally drawn, but on the glorious and joyful mysteries as well. Growth in private prayer is always accompanied by the devil's own temptation to spiritual self-indulgence. Father Huntington is said to have defined

false mysticism as "beginning in mist, ending in schism and centered about I." All of us know by experience what this means. We have all been tempted at times to withdraw from the plain fare of our parish life, and go off on private devotional binges. Overfondness for private prayer is always a danger; always preferring the small early service when there are few other souls in church to distract us is a danger. Choosing a quiet meditation at home when we really could go to a week day Mass is a danger. The only corrective is sharing the prayer of Christ's body: the balanced cycle of the Church's year, demanding sometimes that we be penitent when we feel like being festive, and festive when we feel like being penitent. The long, quiet period of Trinity when we are commanded to meditate upon the stern, unemotional truths of doctrine is good medicine for souls, too prone to the heights of feasts and the depths of penitential fasts. In one of her revelations a voice came to Dame Julian of Norwich, bidding her look away from the Cross at which she was gazi-

and look at God directly. She refused to raise her eyes or to look to God in any other way but by Christ. "I had rather," she cried, "be in Hell than come to Heaven any other way but by Him." It is this determination to pray always through Christ and within His Church that distinguishes Christian mysticism from any other. The life of prayer is not, in Evelyn Underhill's words, "heavenly duet" in which the egoism of "I and God" is dominant. It is a part of the choral beauty: the voices which are trained in the discipline of private prayer and meditation find their fullest beauty when they are offered in the corporate hymn of praise. God the Son works in the individual soul for the sake of all souls, and to the glory of God the Father.

We come now to the work of that third Person of the Holy Trinity. . . "Our Lord the Spirit," as Charles Williams calls Him. We are led by the Spirit to pray; we are persuaded by the Spirit to love. He leads us to follow. Here the soul's work is pliancy, flexibility, sensitiveness (to what the Quakers rightly call "a leading"). For of the Holy Ghost it is said that He is like the wind, and that He bloweth where He listeth; and of those who are born of Him, it is further said that "no one knows whither they come or where they are going." None looking from the outside and observing our external works could even guess the manner of each one's conversion, the exact path each must tread to sanctity, the peculiar sacrifices exacted of each, the sharp blasts of each soul's temptation or the precise beauty of each final beatitude. The psychologists tell us of a terrifying hidden life, below the level of rational consciousness and overt behavior . . . a life in which we are unaware, but which continually motivates and sways us. In their picture of the subconscious we find a chaos of fears and complexes, of dim sexual urges, of forgotten but cankering childhood injuries, of perverted and confused emotional attachments . . . the obscure life of fallen, natural man. But there is more in the subconscious of a redeemed Christian than the libido or the acquisitive drive. Our Lord the Spirit is there, too, moving in hidden ways to trans-



THE HOLY TRINITY

figure and reclaim. The sudden pricks of a disciplined conscience; the swift withdrawals from what we sense to be unholy; the sharp longing for the Reality that is God, which keeps us restless and frustrated apart from Him; the gnawing dissatisfaction with everything but holiness; the unquenchable desire to pray; the unsuspected movement of charity to those we do not really like; the aching pity for all suffering, even in aliens and strangers . . . all these are the hidden motions of the Paraclete. For the indwelling of the Holy Spirit is the subconscious of a soul in a state of grace. Far below the level of our small intellect the battle between light and darkness goes on. For every clamor of the *Libido* there is an answering trust of *Agape*; for every greed of the acquisitive drive, there is a mysterious urge to self-surrender; for every easy sublimation and deceptive rationalization there is a stern impulse to truth, to penitence, and to amendment.



THE LORD WHO REIGNS

"Come, Holy Ghost," we pray and offer Him the hidden depth of heart and soul. But the price of His guidance is not less than everything. Nothing matters to that Holy spirit of relentless love but that our souls at whatever cost be led through Christ to union with the Father. Whatever, or whoever, has to be left behind is irrelevant; whatever changes or reversals of our previous life are entailed, whatever ambitions and plans have to be discarded . . . all that counts is beside the point. "How dread a guide and companion is this Comforter!" says Archbishop William Temple. He will be our judge, our advocate, our strengthener. But only if He leads our whole lives where He will. The life of the Spirit is indeed a hidden life . . . hidden at times not only from the world and from our fellow Christians, but hidden at times even from ourselves. We ask for strength for vigorous activity for the Kingdom and He gives us forced inactivity and failure. We give thanks for a friend or spiritual advisor who seems necessary to our soul's health, and he divides us from that one by death or distance; in our weariness we seek quiet for prayer and renewal, and just then . . . not when we are fresh and

buoyant . . . He drives us into the thick of the world.

Then at last we learn that our part in co-operation with the Spirit's work is suppleness . . . willingness to accept creatively whatever opportunity for growth it has pleased our Lord the Spirit to afford us. Our prayer becomes more and more pure adoration of God's holy will, less and less a series of frantic petitions for a certain issue of events. Slowly we grow able to say of all that happens to us, as the ancient Church said of its doctrines, "It has seemed good to the Holy Ghost . . . AND TO US."

God's part, then, in the soul is the triple, yet single work of the Holy Trinity. We answer His creative act with meek acceptance of self; we answer His redeeming act with obedience to His Church; we answer His sanctifying act with acceptance of His mysterious leading of our souls and lives.

We come now to the sphere of our personal freedom, to the soul's own doing, turning from passive acquiescence (which alone is quietism) to the active works of the interior life. What is it that *we* are to do in

our prayers? What is our part in our life of union with God? We shall mention three things: penitence through meditation; perseverance, largely through vocal prayer, and love through the developing prayer of quiet.

Our first needful act is penitence. The soul to be united at all must first be purified. We must offer bravely and willingly all that is dark and confused, obscure and shuttered from the Light of Christ. We learn that we have indeed always had a hidden life, but that it has been a life not hidden in Christ, but hid from Christ. It has been the hidden life of fallen Adam and Eve, a life whose sinfulness we have tried to cover with the fig leaves of pride, self-love, ambition and greed. This life must be rejected and hated; it must, through grace, be gradually abandoned, but first of all it must be *known*.

There is but one way to perfect penitence and that is by adoration. We cannot know ourselves merely by analysing ourselves (that is the limitation of much of psychiatry.) We cannot know ourselves by looking at others, for each soul is unique. We can know the nature of our fallen humanity only as we meditate upon the glorified humanity of Christ. He is the clear mirror in which we can see our own splotched countenances. We learn the failure of our vocations, so turned to selfishness, to ambition and to pride as we behold the carpenter shop at Nazareth. Our spiritual ambition and desire to be first in the Kingdom (or the parish) is revealed to us as we think of Our Lord's words to the sons of Zebedee; the poverty of our self-sacrifice is made known as we see the Lord of Heaven gird Himself with a towel and wash the disciple's feet. We simply cannot achieve real penitence without the faithful practice of meditation. There are all kinds of books about it; there are many methods and schemes and techniques. God the Spirit will lead us each to find the way best suited to our own souls. The method is optional, but the practice is imperative. Know Christ or dwell in ignorance, not only of God, but of ourselves. The true purpose of meditation is shown most clearly in St. Bernard's meditation on the

Holy Cross, which might be a model for mental prayer:

This cross full of suffering, condemning all my inordinate desires and passions; this bare cross reproaches my abundance; this crown of thorns denounces my vanity; this bitter gall reprimands my longing for fancy foods; these outstretched arms of Jesus, which are ever ready to embrace all, friends as well as enemies, condemn my hatred and my anger; the prayer of Jesus for His persecutors accuses my thirst for revenge; these tearful eyes which wept over my sins, punish my daring glances; these ears which listened to the mockery of the godless, punish to shame my fierce impatience, which at the least contradiction breaks out in vehement words.

Our first work is penitence; and the way to the adoration of Christ.

The second of our interior works is the hardest: perseverance in prayer. The interior life is not to be a matter of sudden ecstasies and rare mountain top experiences, though it has its peaks and its high noons. Its basic quality and its crowning virtue is *steadiness*. Put in the plainest and most everyday language, this means that we must keep on praying . . . REGARDLESS. We must pray whether we feel like it or not; we must pray whether we think we know how or not. We must even pray at those desperate times when we cannot think or concentrate, and when we are cold and indifferent. Thomas Merton says, "Prayer and love are learned in the moment when prayer is impossible and your heart is turned to stone."

Perhaps it may be useful to think of the spiritual life as involving an *interior fasting* as well as an exterior fasting. To make better Christian athletes the Prayer Book and discipline of the Church requires some mortification of the fleshly appetites. The simple *luxuria* must be combatted by the Friday fast or the voluntary Lenten denial of the good things which strengthen it . . . of fancy foods or cigarettes or social entertainments of which we may have grown too fond. But it is not otherwise with the spirit, which is

luxuries, too . . . the love of consolation and spiritual sweetness; the sensuous rejoicing in the felt presence of God; the intellectual pleasure of a "good meditation." Can we doubt that these are the soul's luxuries, as appealing as riches, as satisfying to the wilfulness of the inner life as good food or good company are to the outer life? As external fasting is imposed on our bodies from without, so an inner fasting from conscious delights and joy in prayer is imposed on our inner life by God Himself. We must simply go on praying when the pleasure is withdrawn.

Here, surely is the real place of vocal prayer in the sense of formal, memorized or read prayers. These are always available, however barren the content of our souls. We can say the "Our Father" if we can do nothing more. We can say the "Hail Mary" even if that is all. We can recite favorite collects from the Prayer Book. We can repeat the "Anima Christi" and unite our own inner dryness to the thirst of the Cross. In the Christian life steadiness is greater than ecstasy. Our Lord has promised to greet us at the last, not as illuminated souls nor as perfected mystics, but as "good and faithful servants." His own prayer, in Gethsemane, was hard, vocal prayer; it was the prayer of simple repetition. "He came again," we read, "and prayed, using the same words." Vocal prayers, the simple repeated prayers that have made saints, will not be abandoned

by souls with real humility. As meditation is the requisite of penitence, so formal repeated prayers are a necessity for holy perseverance.

We come, finally to the last of the soul's interior works . . . the hardest to put into words, because in its essence it is wordless. As the soul pushes forward by the hard effort of will, through meditation and vocal prayer into a deeper intimacy with God, it gradually reaches a third kind of prayer . . . the prayer of quiet, in which the soul is still. It now offers not its words, nor its thoughts nor its acts of contrition, but simply its love.

This third kind of prayer, which seems so formidable in the treatises on mysticism, is in its simplest form within the reach of all of us, and indeed it is inevitable. It will happen, if we let it; yet it is not mere passivity. The prayer of quiet is a real work of the soul, because it requires a certain inner self-sacrifice of spiritual busyness, of fussiness and anxiety, and of devotional ambition. To attain it we must give up our pleasure in our own words and our own thoughts; we must be willing to spend some hard prayer time fighting distraction, refusing to think of our troubles, deliberately putting out of our minds everything except the supreme fact of the eternal presence of God. At first we may not be able to do anything except continually withdraw our attention from all that is the rival of God in our thoughts, and offer Him our helplessness,



ADORATION OF THE HOLY CHILD
School of Fiorenzo di Corenzo
(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

and wait in silence. And all this is good for our souls.

The same thing happens in our personal relationship with God as happens in every deep personal relationship: it becomes less articulate, less deliberate, less planned as it becomes more secure. In marriage, for example, it is the period of courtship that is the most wordy. The lover, after a three week acquaintance can write pages in praise of his beloved; he can talk for hours . . . and does . . . on the heights and depths of his devotion; he is quite sure that he and he only perfectly understands his lady. But a husband of fifteen years' endurance finds it impossible to write a love letter or maybe even to tell his wife he loves her. As intimacy deepens, so does the sense of mystery. There is more to a long beloved person than we shall ever altogether know. Rather we become grateful that we can understand and appreciate as much as we do. The deepest shared experiences, such as the birth or confirmation of a child, or a hard failure mutually shared, cannot be put into words; they cannot be spoken of even to one another; yet they are deeply and mutually known.

It is so in the life of prayer as we are brought closer to God. How wordy are our early prayers! Our adoration turns around and about those enormous adjectives . . . "uncreated;" "omnipotent;" "alto-

gether lovely." Our early intercessions and petitions are endless. So much is wrong with the world. There is so much we simply must call to God's attention, so much He ought to be setting straight.

God hears and loves . . . and waits. We go on, sharing the life of His Church, watching His will prevail in ways we should never have expected nor had the wisdom to pray for. Over and over we see grace victorious in the very sufferings and humiliations, bereavements and failures that are so distasteful to our natural selves and wills. Suddenly the period of our courtship of the Lord of Hosts is over. We have found the endlessness of His mysterious Being. We know that the real answer to all our prayers is not in what He does, but in an increasing knowledge of what He is . . . Love that is purging and healing and tireless. We know that that Love is the peace of the world, in so far as the world will have peace; it is the health of all souls . . . of our own and those we love and the souls of our enemies. We are content to respond to the love simply, to rejoice in it, to be still before the mystery, and to be grateful for whatever He has shown us of Himself. We can do a little more than look and love and hold the souls of those we cherish by those baptismal names by which they are known to Him, even as we are. Yet in this quiet yielded prayer in which we seem to do a little, we are doing, even if only for five or six distracted moments, what we shall one day do forever.

The Curé d'Ars once asked a peasant what he did so long in the Church, and the peasant replied "I look at Jesus and Jesus looks at me." Slowly and often painfully, but always surely, we shall grow into the stature of Him on whom we faithfully and confidently gaze, and when we wake up after the Likeness we shall be satisfied with it. Here is the goal and crown of all our hidden life: to look more steadily and more simply at God through Christ, and hear Him say, as St. Augustine once heard:

I am the food of the strong; grow a little, and thou shalt feed on Me; but not I into Thee, but thou shalt be changed into Me.



The Beatitudes

BY BONNELL SPENCER, O.H.C.

VI INTEGRATION

St. Matt: 5:8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

ONCE more we have a limiting phrase, the pure in heart, like the poor in spirit and hunger after righteousness. But this time we find that few scholars question our Lord's having used it. Part of the reason, no doubt, is that, unlike the first and fourth Beatitudes, this one has no parallel in St. Luke that omits the limiting phrase. The more important reason, however, for believing that our Lord used the full phrase—pure in heart, is that the words, "Blessed are the pure," would have made perfectly good sense to His hearers, but it would have been just what he did not mean.

Purity to a Palestine Jew of the first century signified absence of ceremonial defilement. The Pharisees had developed an amazingly elaborate code of injunctions, the violation of any item of which rendered a Jew unclean, and an equally elaborate series of sacrifices, washings and other ritual acts for the removal of their defilement. Thus their accusation against the disciples that they wash not their hands when they eat bread." (St. Matthew, 15:2), had a ritual not of hygienic basis. Our Lord made it perfectly clear what He thought of the whole system. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. . . . For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." (St. Matthew, 23: 25, 27)

Our Lord, then, did not mean ceremonial purity. To safeguard against that interpretation, He said, "Blessed are the pure in heart." By the same token, we should not interpret this Beatitude merely in terms of external moral purity. It is tempting to do so. Moral purity is a sadly neglected virtue these

days. The reaction against puritanism and the mid-victorian squeamishness on the subject of sex has been so violent that modesty, reserve and the other protections of purity have been thrown to the winds. Many moderns feel that they can be blatantly frank about the whole subject—sensible, I believe, is the approved word—with the resultant loss of purity and disruption of family life. Yes, a sermon on moral purity might well be in order, and it could be preached as an illustration and application of this text.

In this series, however, we are trying to trace the sequence of thought of the Beatitudes as a whole. In that context it is the basic meaning of each, not a particular application of it, with which we are concerned. To that, therefore, we must turn our attention. But those of you who have been following the series may be wondering how this Beatitude can add anything to the thought of those that have gone before. The first five Beatitudes have covered all the fundamental elements of the spiritual life. The first dealt with conversion from trust in self to dependence on God. Penitence for sin in ourselves and others was the subject of the second. In the third we thought of the humble waiting upon God which is necessary for growth in the spiritual life and the fourth inspired our determination to use the means of grace that God has provided in the Church. Finally, the fifth sent us forth to perform works of mercy. Conversion, penitence, humility, perseverance in prayer and service—what is there left for the sixth Beatitude to add?

The first five do cover the main aspects of the ordinary Christian life. They present a high ideal to which it is to be feared we rarely attain. But even so, they are not the whole story. As St. Paul reminded the Romans, we are called not to be ordinary Christians, but to be saints. What we have been considering so far is but the primary stage of the spiritual life. Above it are higher lev-

els to which we must rise before God has completed His will for us. Although they may still be out of our reach, it is well for us to know that they are there, so that we can pray and hope eventually to attain them.

To the saints we must turn for a description of these higher spiritual levels to which God has raised them. Their descriptions vary greatly, especially in regard to the number of stages of spiritual growth. We do not have time to consider them all or to attempt a consistent arrangement of them. This can be and has been made by systematic treatises on ascetic theology. For our present purpose we can legitimately simplify the subject. All are agreed that between the ordinary level of the Christian life and the heights of sanctity lies the process which, in however many or few stages it is described, may be called in the words of this Beatitude becoming pure in heart.

The best way to understand this process

Devoutly Kneeling

BY ANNE TROTT TALMAGE

V

THY WILL BE DONE

Submission this, but more indeed than
just

Submissiveness and willingness to bear
Whatever anguish might arise to thrust
Its way into the heart, no simple prayer
Of least resistance to a greater force
Than man has claim to. These words
go beyond

The need to lay the burden of remorse
On the inevitable. Here a bond
Of courage joins man's forces with the
good

Of all things. Here he girds himself
with strength

And buckles on the sword of zeal. And
should

He waver, faith is still his shield. At
length

He stands well armed with every
ardent skill,

Resolved to seek and find and do God's
will.

is to contrast the goal with the ordinary Christian life which we at least dimly have experienced. Our Lord gives us this contrast most clearly in the episode of Martha and Mary. Martha is "careful and troubled about many things." (St. Luke, 10:38-42) How well those words describe our spiritual state, even after we have become so poor in spirit that we have relegated our worldly activities to their rightful second place, and have learned to hunger and thirst after the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. Our spiritual quest involves us in so many varied and apparently unrelated activities. We go to Church, we say our prayers, we read our Bibles, we confess our sins, we discipline our inordinate desires, we engage in many forms of service. All these duties seem to be pulling us in different directions and often appear to conflict with each other in their competition for our time. Like Martha we bustle about doing a bit of this and a bit of that, and in the end accomplish little.

Mary, as our Lord pointed out, had made the great discovery. "But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." One thing needful. For this reason, the highest stage of the spiritual life is called the unitive way. In it the soul is united to God yes, but the soul can be united to God because it has first of all become united with itself. In it all conflicts have been resolved in terms of a simple unity of purpose; all mixed and competing motives have been distilled into a purity of heart.

But how, how? What can I do to bring about this blessed state? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. The saints are unanimous in telling us that. We cannot attain purity of heart by our own efforts. The more we strive for it the further we move away from it. Why? Because purity of heart comes only when we have been emptied of all self-assertiveness even in spiritual matters. We cannot lift ourselves by our own bootstraps. Try it sometime and see. The more we pull up with our hands, the more we push down with our feet. No, we must be lifted up by God. That is the secret that Martha must learn from Mary. Martha was "cumbered about much service."

ing." Mary "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."

Is this quietism, then, the giving up of all spiritual activity, the relaxing into spiritual idleness? Not at all. In the unitive way the will is not relaxed. It is intensely active, but without any sense of effort. This may sound like a contradiction in terms, but it is not. What causes a sense of effort is when we assert our wills in the teeth of opposition. The soul in the unitive way has surrendered its will wholly to God. It encounters no opposition there. God, working through the surrendered will, controls and unifies the whole personality. As this is the work of God, the soul feels no effort on its part. With St. Paul it exclaims, "I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Galatians 2:20) Its work is simply to hold fast to God with its will, like the effortless grip of a child on the hand of its father.

Just as the father must in the first instance reach down to take the hand of the child, so God must lay hold on the soul before it can make this absolute surrender to Him. But God cannot grasp the soul until the soul is ready for that experience. The reason is that the first stage of lifting the soul to the unitive way must be the detachment of the soul from its attempt to engage in the activities of the spiritual life by its own efforts. The process of detachment is extremely painful to one who has learned to love the ways of the spiritual life. St. John of the Cross calls it the dark night of the soul. The sweet intercourse of the soul with God in prayer suddenly becomes empty and dead. The heart becomes too heavy to be lifted up in worship. A sense of sin and futility seems overwhelming. There is nothing the soul can do about it.

A person who had been fulfilling his Christian duties because of what he felt he was getting out of them would be overwhelmingly tempted to give them up by such an experience of emptiness in them. He would abandon God, instead of abandoning himself to God. He would turn from God in despair instead of turning to God in blind faith and hope. This gives us the clue to what we must do to prepare ourselves to be



MOTHER OF PURITY

lifted up by God to the higher levels of the spiritual life. We shall not decrease our spiritual activities; rather we shall probably increase them, as we give God a larger and larger share in our life. But we shall simplify the motive. We shall not engage in this or that exercise because we seek some particular benefit for our souls. We shall do them more and more for God's sake, not our own.

Let us take some instances. We must learn to go to Church, not to be comforted or inspired by the service, but to worship God. We must confess our sins, not to get a sense of forgiveness, but to put ourselves in God's hands just as we are. We must pray, not to get help and strength from God, but to surrender to Him, "Thy will be done." We must engage in self-discipline, not to gain self-control, but to grow in self-sacrifice. We must serve, not just to help our fellow-men, but to cooperate with Christ in them. When we have learned these lessons, we can safely be deprived of feeling the benefits we have come to expect from our spiritual exercises. When we no longer have a sense of receiv-

ing them, the motive for continuing them will not be lost. We shall go on doing them for God's sake: we shall learn to do them more and more in His strength.

Then God the Holy Spirit will be able to take over the control of our souls. Our worship, penitence, prayer, mortification and service will not be so many different activities in which we engage, but various expressions of His life and work in us. Our part will be a simple, continuous, uninterrupted act of loving surrender to Him. Our personalities will be unified in the integrated desire to abide in His presence. There will be no conflicting or distracting side-issues. It will be all for God. Thus He will have made us pure in heart.

And we shall see God. Of course, for we shall be looking for nothing else. We shall find him in Church and in prayer as He lifts our hearts in worship and contemplation. We shall recognize His love reaching out through us in every opportunity to serve a friend or to forgive an enemy. Our vocation will be our share in His work; our happiness our share of His joy; our suffering our share in His Cross. All nature will speak to us of His handiwork; all men will call forth in us an outpouring of His love. With the simplicity of St. Francis we shall be able to cry, "My God and my All."

In this life even the pure in heart see God but "through a glass, darkly." (I Corinthians 13:12) They see Christ in His

Body, the Church, in the least of His brethren, in the wonder of nature, in the darkness of contemplation—a darkness which is the excess of light. They live in His presence, not always consciously recognized with the minds or felt in their hearts, but known through the union of their wills with His. And when His call comes, "Friend, go up higher," they pass through the final surrender of death to see Him face to face.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God—yes, beloved, you and I—"and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him: for we shall seem him as he is." (I John 3:2) That is our common Christian vocation—yours and mine. We may have yet a long way to go.

The night is dark,—and we are far from home. But we are called to be saints and we must never be content to stop short of the goal. We must press on in the ordinary duties of the Christian life, waiting humbly for the time when God can begin the process of lifting us up to purity of heart. Meanwhile we shall keep praying,

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Led thou me on.

The goal is worth attaining, however, long and hard the way may be. And in Christ we shall attain.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."



THE LAST SUPPER

By Andred del Castagno

"The Demon of Mid-Day"

By E. J. M. NUTTER

THE Demon of Mid-day" is the name of a well-known French novel, which deals with the moral career of a middle-aged priest. With the book I am not concerned—in fact my knowledge of it is derived entirely from an essay by Dean Inge—but the fanciful title is taken from the Latin translation of the ninety-first psalm, in which "the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday" is rendered "daemonium meridianum," "the mid-day demon."

The psalmist may have been thinking of a stroke, and probably was. But the French author interprets the words as the temptations which assail a man, not in the middle of the day, but in middle life. Though he does not use the word, he was doubtless thinking of the state of mind known to theologians as "acedia," that characteristic of the monastery, a sort of compound of gloom, irritation and sloth, the sin against which experts on the spiritual life never cease to warn those whom they are directing. Yes; and we can find acedia raging, not only in monasteries, seminaries and religious houses, but in the world at large. A man, whether cleric or layman, may have overcome the temptations, the errors, the dangers of youth, only to fall a prey in middle life to the attacks of the demon of mid-day, the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday." Sometimes, when I view the apparently helpless acquiescence of the middle-aged statesmen of today in the perilous drift of our civilization towards disaster, I wonder if they are not suffering from a kind of middle-aged acedia.

The sins of middle age are sins of the mind. That is why middle life is a more dangerous period than youth. Few spectacles are more tragic than the deterioration in character which sometimes sets in during the fifties. The flame flickers, the divine fire burns low. The motto of life is the Russian word "Nitchivo"—"What does it matter?" The middle-aged, having survived the gusty,

riotous, fleshy part of life, think they can now let down and take their ease. They are less inclined to a crusade for anything. They like compromise, not least with their own weaknesses and imperfections. They lose active hope. By their very failures they tend to become fatalists. "What does it matter?" The mid-day demon gets them in his grasp.

It is a queer world, in which this particular devil walketh about seeking whom he may devour. Superficial feelings and superficial expressions are a substitute for going out and taking off one's coat and really doing something. Frothy catchwords and clichés take the place of the discipline of steady, quiet, continuous work. We are beset by shallow slogans and phrases of the day, a kind of pseudo-scientific and semi-psychological jargon, picked up and garnered from some newspaper or popular magazine, and then delivered with terrific and reverberating emphasis as the convictions of a lifetime—whereas we are pretty sure that a year ago the man had never so much as heard of them—or preached on and prated about and published abroad as the one and only scheme of salvation which can save society—whereas we feel certain that twelve months hence the dervishes will have gone off howling after some newer thing: and all this as the substitute for the hard mental discipline of thinking things through, finding firm ground, and standing flat-footed on it. People are so frightfully busy in these days. They are pre-occupied. They have such lots and lots of things to do. They are as energetic as puppies chasing their own tails. Their fancies, their interests are easily captured by something else, by anything but what they are doing, by whatever seems to offer in another sphere the titillation and stimulation which their jaded imaginations demand. So you will find that whether it be reading or thinking or working or playing, it all tends nowadays to be-

come desultory, fitful, unreal, unstable, diffuse.

Into this silly world the young priest steps, armed with the sword of the Spirit, the awful fire of the Holy Ghost, covered by the shield of faith, protected by the breastplate of righteousness, and crowned with the helmet of salvation. No explorer in earth's history whose path has led him into untrodden worlds, no Marco Polo or Columbus, no Stanley or Peary or Byrd, none of them ever set out on his wanderings with more eagerness, with a more joyous sense of wild adventure and glorious hope, than does the young warrior priest when he first rides forth on his quest for the Holy Grail, sealed and anointed with the chrism of Christ. Well he knows what is before him. Well he knows, that while there are plenty of pleasant places before him on his road, many green and lovely valleys with sweet waters, there are also matted and pestilential jungles through which he must hack his way, frowning crags for him to climb, arid wastes through which his feet must trudge. He knows that while he will often feast with his people and rejoice with them, it will also be his duty and his privilege to swelter and shiver and struggle and suffer and starve with them. But he is ready. He has experi-

enced the bliss of communion, the buoyancy of absolution, the flame of the Spirit. He feels and relies on the nearness, the comfort, the love, the support of his great Captain. Toil, weariness, even martyrdom itself are to be but incidents in a glorious, a victorious campaign. Nothing is impossible. He beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. A happy warrior, the world is at his feet.

"My good blade carves the casques of men
My tough lance thrusteth sure,

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

But it is a stubborn world, as well as a silly one. At once our priest begins to feel the force of all those modern tendencies which go to make men and women unreal. He finds that in the ministry of the Word and Sacraments he is not going to be exempt from the pressure of all but universal custom. He discovers that false sentimentality is more pleasing to his flock than the rigors of the Gospel, in fact that his people have little or no interest in a demanding religion. The high romance to which he has been looking forward with such eagerness is simply not there. His work is mostly commonplace, largely chores of one kind or another; for the priest's life gives few opportunities for the use of chargers and trumpets and banners and swords. The quest for the Holy Grail becomes as unsubstantial and fanciful as the search for the rainbow's end and the pot of gold. Phrases, catchwords, slogans abound, even in the presentation of the rival Christian theologies; and men of the world are more easily caught in that snare than the clergy. The world is around and about and above and beneath our priest day and night. He is crisscrossed and cabined and confined in it. He is swaddled, smothered, suffocated by it. To protest against its superficial conventionalities, to fight against its insidious sappings of faith, and courage appears as futile as beating off flies. After all, one enlisted against dragons, not flies; but the flies seem always with us and the dragons out of reach.

The hot, hard, pitiless glare of reality will surely have enveloped us all by the time



at the noon hour of our priestly pilgrimage has struck. Most of us by that time will have felt the stirrings of acedia, with its disillusionment, its discontent, its boredom, its sloth. The question is, how shall we meet it?

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday." Yet some are afraid. Some yield. Some become desultory. They cease trying to concentrate on their work. They turn formal and professional. The offices are recited and the daily Mass said, if at all, as ends in themselves, and not as means to the mightier and greater end. They begin to assert their priesthood, their commission, their office as the ground of their claim to be heard and obeyed by their people; whereas the real ground of that claim is surely what they have said and done and thought and taught in interpreting and presenting their priesthood and making it real through Jesus Christ. And as the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday creeps on, paralyzing their work, the zeal fades, the fire sinks, the sword rusts, the sheep are not fed, sinners are not absolved, the sick die un comforted.

The dusk comes gathering grey, and the darkness dims the West.

The oxen low to the byre, and all bells ring to rest;

My horse is spavined and ribbed, and his bones come through his hide,

My sword is rotten with rust as I shake my reins and ride."

The demon of mid-day has got him. And as he looks over the latter years of his ministry he sees no souls saved, not even the men that could have saved Sodom.

Thank God, that is not true of us all. After thirty years have passed, there are still those in whom the fire of the Holy Ghost burns just as fiercely as on that distant day when first the young knight was girt with his sharp and sundering sword. Thank God there are warriors for whom the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday has no terrors. They have not been afraid. Never have they allowed themselves to become professionalized or institutionalized. Never have they permitted themselves to be de-



ceived by statistics or numbers or compliments or crowds. Not in obedience to or conformity with ecclesiastical vows or customs do they say their daily offices, but because they know that those offices are a ladder up which they can climb to God. Not because it is an edifying custom or because the parish is used to it do they say their daily Mass, but because they know from their own deep experience that day by day they must be given their daily Bread if their souls are to live. To them men go as to brothers, not as to members of an ecclesiastical caste; yet withal the priest is always there, unmistakable, unescapable, plain, distinct. No presidents of corporations they, but merchants of the supernatural, from whom men can, if they will, buy incalculable treasures without money and without price. Like rocks they stand, firm and sure and strong; and when the rod of God's love smites them, as it does, it brings forth from them kindly streams of water for the drinking of the flock.

Yes, even them does God smite, for whom

he loveth he chasteneth. The life of discipline and service, of worship and prayer, is no easier for them than for their more accommodating brethren. Their crosses are even heavier, for they carry them. Their disappointments are no lighter, for they feel them more. Over and over again the scourge of God falls smashing on their backs; when some boy to whom they have given years of prayer is false to his baptism; when some worldly parish will not see Jesus; when their religion is misunderstood, ridiculed, or maligned; when the bread they have cast so liberally on the water delays so long in its return. Many a time will such a man go down to the gates of hell in travail, weariness and woe. Often and often the cry will be wrung from his very soul, "My God, how can I endure?"

"Would I could see it, the Rose, when the light begins to fail,

And a lone white star in the West is glimmering on the mail;

The red, red passionate Rose of the sacred Blood of Christ,

In the shining chalice of God, the Cup of the Holy Grail."

But the Catholic life will tell. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday." The fire glows again, courage revives, the demon is defined, the ceaseless Quest goes on.

Thus we can prepare for a beautiful old age, like Overbury's "good man, who feels old age rather by the strength of his soul than by the weakness of his body." The troubles and disappointments of the ministry have broken the solid crust of habit and checked the growth of pride. "Blessed is he who has found his work," says Carlyle, "let him seek no other blessedness"—and what other blessedness can there be for the priest? When wisdom and judgment have ousted the heat and impetuosity of youth, when impatient intolerance and heady fanaticism have

been mellowed by experience into a real, genuine love of human souls, then the true beauty of the priestly character has its chance to shine. The demon of mid-day has done his appointed work for him: in resisting him to death, the priest has learnt how firm is the rock on which he has built his faith. Foursquare he stands. Perplexed no more by problems, serene in spirit, confident in hope, with his bitter struggle past, with the shadow of his disappointments gilded by the gleam of sunset, what can the priest ask more than that God shall accept and bless the offering of the rich, ripe fruits of his silver years?

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—

Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay, but he aimed not at glory, no lover of glory he:

Give him the glory of going on, and still to be."

And when at last the bell shall sound to compline, the younger generations rise up and call him blessed. His little hells have gone, dissolved like mist. The West is shining now, clear and bright, with jasper and emerald and gold, the jewels of the City of God. Like Israel, he calls his sons around him. Riding from far and near the warriors come, these from the east and west, and these from the land of Sinim." Not to praise him do they come, for that he will not wish; not to tell him of the reverence and honor in which they hold him, for that he knows right well without their words; but to exult with him, to triumph with him, to rejoice with him, to give thanks with him to Almighty God for his infinite goodness and mercy.

"It will happen at last, at dusk as my horse limps down the fell,

A star will glow like a note God strikes on a silver bell,

And the bright white birds of God will carry my soul to Christ,

And the sight of the Rose, the Rose will pay for the years of hell."



Five Minute Sermon

BY JAMES O. S. HUNTINGTON, O.H.C.

We being many are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that bread.
Corinthians 10:17.

GOD is superbly generous. He not only supplies our wants but anticipates them. He knows "our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking." He teaches us to ask for what we need before we even feel the need. He bids us pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," before the pangs of hunger drive us to our knees to beg for food.

So is it with regard to the help and strength which He bestows upon us through the Sacraments. He does not require of us a full understanding of the Sacraments before we can receive the gifts that they convey. To the unconscious infant, asleep, perhaps, in the arms of the priest who holds him at the font, God gives the cleansing of his soul and a new life in Christ. To the humble but uninstructed communicant, who comes in penitence and faith, God gives the very Body and Blood of Christ, though there may be only a vague sense of His Presence, and a dim appreciation of what He comes to do.

But God does not want us to remain in ignorance of what He seeks to do for us and in us. We cannot fathom the depth of His love. ("Thanks be to God for His unpeakable Gift!") Yet we ought "to follow on to know the Lord," and, as St. Ambrose said, "It is a shame if when we have received the Faith we do not try to understand it."

Many are the truths that are set before us in the great central Act of Christian Worship, the Holy Eucharist. "No Gospel like this Feast, spread for Thy Church by Thee." Yet as the thinking of mankind swings first in one direction, then in the opposite, one or another truth is lost sight of, at least becomes obscured.

It is not difficult to see what truth about the Holy Eucharist has grown faint to-day.

It is the consciousness that the Holy Communion is the Sacrament of Fellowship. Of course the two words, "Communion" and "Fellowship," mean the same. We speak of "the Communion of the Holy Ghost" and "the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost," and draw no distinction between them. But we do not feel that "Holy Fellowship" can be substituted for "Holy Communion;" certainly few people who say, "I am going to make my Communion," have any distinct sense that they intend by that, "I am going to make (renew and deepen) my fellowship," my fellowship with the Christians that I shall find coming to the altar beside me, and with all other Christians throughout the world. In other words, "we perpetually slip back into treating our religion as a purely personal affair," so that "the thought of all joining together in the common Meal of the Family of God has almost disappeared in many parishes." The late Archbishop Temple, from whom these words are quoted, states the matter with engaging frankness. He says: "Certainly when I go to receive the Holy Communion at a quiet early morning service, it is only by a conscious and deliberate effort that I realize any genuine fellowship with the other members of the congregation. I may feel it with regard to my own absent friends, to those whom I love in the other world, to those whom I specially revere in the history of Church or world. That comes easier than any sense of fellowship with others in the present congregation, for the simple reason that the one group consists of *my* special friends and *my* special heroes, while the other members of the congregation may not even be acquaintances" and he adds later, "We go to receive the Holy Communion. There Christ unites us in Himself with all our fellow-Christians. 'We, being many, are one bread, one Body.' And we come out of church, even though we have 'made a good communion,' feeling no closer link with our fellow-Christians or fellow-worshippers than

when we went in; and perhaps that was none at all."

It is to be hoped that the simple statement of these facts will serve to recall to those who read them the truth that has been so neglected. No Catholic Christian surely will deny that the Holy Eucharist is a corporate act, that we come to it not only each one as a "member of Christ," but also as "members one of another." He knows that when we say "Our Father . . . give *us* this day *our* daily bread," we are praying for all the other members of the Church, the Family of God, and beyond that for all the people in the world, inasmuch as all are created and called to come into His family and to own one another as brothers and sisters in Him. And what we *say*, in the pattern of all prayer, that we express in the great *act* of the Holy Eucharist.

Neither in prayer nor at Mass are we alone. The whole Church is with us, the Church on earth, in purgatory, or in heaven. Each of us is a living member of the Church, "the blessed company of all faithful people," and what we say and do in Christ we say and do in living union with one another.

What then, is laid upon us to do? Two things at least.

First, we must make a real effort to regard those who kneel with us at the altar as indwelt by the same Life which comes to us in the Blessed Sacrament and so fellow-members in the Very Body of Christ—not strangers, though we may not know their names or recognize their faces, but

our very brothers and sisters in the household of God.

And secondly, we must let our thoughts carry us out to all who at that very time, in many lands, are sharing in the same Feast—are partakers of the same heavenly Food. As has been beautifully said:

"The layman as he comes to receive the Holy Communion in his parish Church finds himself caught up into a Fellowship which is frontierless; he is partaker of the one cup, the one great 'Family Feast' of the All-Father's family, as he receives his spiritual Food from the One Living Lord and Master of us all. Himself the Host, Himself the Food." "He is bound—if he could only realize it—by invisible family bonds to a great company of comrades, to sturdy laughing African boys, trudging through the jungle in the grey dawn, summoned by the swift call of the native wireless to some village where a missionary on trek proceeded overnight to take a Communion service next morning; to Japanese communists, meeting in the ruins of a Tokyo Church which they are beginning to rebuild after the earthquake; to a handful of Christians, staff and patients in a hospital among the Chinese mountains; to a band of Indian students meeting for the Sacrament before they go out on a preaching tour in the large near their college; to brown islanders of the South Seas, paddling across the salt lit lagoon to their Church on the opposite hillside. They all belong to us and we belong to them, for we are all Christ's. We are gathered in His Presence."



Saint Dorothy's Rest

BY W. E. HARRIS, O.H.C.

MANY of our social works of today—hospitals, schools, orphanages, convalescent homes, and camps have been started by courageous souls having a noble vision who have taken a pebble of faith and courage and cast it into a pool of stronger faith. That venture has sent out ripples which have become waves and touched untold lives, bringing to them new courage and hope. Some ventures of faith have been born out of a broken heart. Such one is St. Dorothy's Rest, situated in a quiet, beautiful spot in Sonoma County, Camp Meeker, California.

The Reverend and Mrs. James Otis Lincoln's (he was first dean of the Church Diocese of the Pacific) only child, a girl, Dorothy Lincoln, died in her eighth year, and St. Dorothy's rest had its beginning in 1951 in her honor. From this tragedy came the vision of starting a rest home for underprivileged children. Dr. Lincoln's motivating thought was: "We believe each life is fair and sacred. Our aim is to help all children grow into strong personal life and be proud of acting as foster parents to the new age."

This vision has been more than fulfilled by the thousands of children, boys and girls, who have been privileged to come and do return with joy every summer for some years later.

Each building was given as a memorial. Planted in sorrow, watered with tears, dedicated to joy." For instance the infirmary was given in memory of a crippled son. Twelve other commodious and adequate buildings were likewise given which includes a lovely wooden chapel built of the red wood from the magnificent trees growing in this section of California. The chapel is encircled and guarded by these towering trees which grow up into the sky for some hundreds of feet.

In describing this lovely place one must quote Bishop William Ford Nichols: "It is a crown of faith and faithfulness. As a crown

it is diademed with the achievement and friends it has found."

Dr. Lincoln died some years ago. The work has been carried on ever since by the consecration and devotion of Mrs. Lincoln. A board of directors of which the Bishop of this Diocese of California is President ex-officio, and is supported by community chest, private contributions and endowments. Mrs. Lincoln, now over ninety years of age, continues to be the moving spirit of this project. It was my privilege to meet this gracious and charming lady in 1949. Age has left its marks on her physical frame though her mind is still as keen as ever.

How well I recall Mrs. Lincoln in 1949 when I came to act as Chaplain at St. Dorothy's Rest. The first night the boys and girls came she explained to them the "club" she had started to keep the premises clean. The duties were to pick up any papers or litter; to ask those they saw throw papers down to pick them up. I joined the "club." The morning after, going to chapel I saw paper on the ground and passed it by. Luckily my conscience was acting and I went back and picked it up. Morning after morning I picked up the few papers until finally the



SISTERS AND CHILDREN AT THE SEA SHORE

boys and girls caught on to the rules of the game, then the whole camp was kept spotlessly clean.

That evening the 'good-night ceremony' was carried out which is still said every night. The children gather around the piano and sing the 'Four-leaf-clover.' Mrs. Lincoln then asked "What is our motto? The answer came in unison: "Deus haec otis fecit—God has made this place a rest." What are the three great things?" "Never tell a lie; Never say die; Never stick your finger in another man's pie." That it has had its effect is evidenced by the many hundreds who look back on the time spent at the Rest as some of the happiest hours of their life.

In 1943 the Sisters of the Transfiguration were given the management of the Rest. They have done and are doing a splendid

work. Four or five sisters are in residence while the camp is open from the first of May to the end of October. Chaplains are on the premises to celebrate Holy Communion daily. No children are required to come to chapel in the morning. In the late afternoon the whole family gathers together for evening prayers at which time instructions are given. It is a joy to see how everyone looks forward to this service. The children are kept busy having a happy time, with the usual recreations, swimming, picnics, parties, etc. There is never a dull moment. One very valuable period is the art crafts. All the art the children make are given to them to take home for parents or friends. Many worthwhile and beautiful things are made.

The camp for children opens as soon as school is out and continues until school opens in the fall. Other times are given over for



ARRIVAL AT THE REST



EVENING SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL

treats and conferences. The whole camp takes an ideal center for this purpose. Several large retreats for men and women are given every year through September and October. Retreats may be arranged for by writing the Sister-in-Charge.

One very important work being carried on is the rest house for women. A large homy house, magnificently situated with a superb view of the valley and mountains. It is set apart from the buildings of the children's camp. The house has every modern improvement, private or semi-private rooms are available. At this house a matron is in residence all the time as well as its own special cook. The cost is only \$3 a day. Naturally in these high-cost-living days it is an outside source to make up the deficit. Anyone travelling from the East would be wise to stay for a couple of weeks or longer. Visitors are always welcome and one would

profit by putting it on their itinerary. One would be proud to see what our Church is doing there. I have been fortunate in being at St. Dorothy's for the month of June, 1952, as chaplain and enjoyed every minute.

Yesterday a newspaper reporter called to get information to give St. Dorothy's a write up. She asked one of the counsellors why it was there were so many. He said it was because of the religious atmosphere. There are 11 counsellors, several younger "helpers" in addition to the sisters, for 50 children. The counsellors say they would rather take less money with the religious atmosphere than go to another camp where probably they get twice or three times as much as a counsellor without the spiritual opportunities. It is surprising how many of the counsellors and boys and girls come to the daily Mass.

St. Dorothy's Rest is easily accessible by bus or auto from San Francisco.

The Order of St. Helena

Helmetta Notes

On April 7th and 8th Father Gunn, O.H.C., gave us instruction on the Rule of the Order.

Father Kroll, O.H.C., made us a visitation from April 9th to 12th.

On the afternoon of the 12th, Father Parsell, O.H.C., recently returned from Africa, dropped in with his family and, early in the call, mentioned invitingly, with a sparkle in his eye, that he had some new slide films of Africa and "happened" to have a projector with him. A sheet was hastily tacked up on a door and he showed us beautiful slides with a running accompaniment of comments, interspersed with asides to our novice, Sister Mary Michael, who spent the two years previous to her entrance into the Order in Africa. "There you are in a pink dress; and there you are. See, just leaving Bolahun!"

On April 11 Sister Jean was sent to the Kentucky Convent.

The move to the new mother house in Newburgh, New York, is coming very near and the air is full of plans and problems. Every so often Sister Josephine and a sister or two go off in the Convent car, which has been packed to the doors with an assortment of household objects, to sign documents or struggle with carpenters. The sisters bring back alluring descriptions of some new beauty in the garden, of a clump of daffodils under a grove of birches or a hawthorne in full bloom. We had hoped to move in by the first of June, but Father Kroll, who stopped in on his way down from West Park, shook his head and said, "They'll never be ready by the first." And though we have moved the date of our expected hegira a little farther along, it is still the great matter of the hour.

Our Chaplain, Father Latimer and his son Charles, have given us a most beautiful crucifix carved by the sculptor, Derujinski. "It belongs in a Convent," said Father Latimer, "It's impact is too great for a private house." It is hardly possible to look at this crucifix and not worship.

Notes From Kentucky

Spring in Kentucky this year was all that it should be as a background to the East Mass. We always sing *Hail Thee Festival Day*, and this year it was to a setting of radiant sunlight, blue sky and pink and white crab apples and quantities of daffodils decorating the chapel and alive and dancing in the wind outside.

The Holy Week Liturgy was shared by five guests including three "old" girls and one former teacher.

On Maundy Thursday a twenty-four hour watch was kept, and the Altar of Repentance was even more beautiful than usual. Friends, faculty and alumnae gave us calla lilies, stock, pots of tulips, and Easter lilies.

On Good Friday the Mass of the Precious Blood was sanctified was offered at school with the assistance of the wacolytes. Then we attended the Three Hours at St. John's Church. Father Mollegen of the Virginia Seminary was preacher.

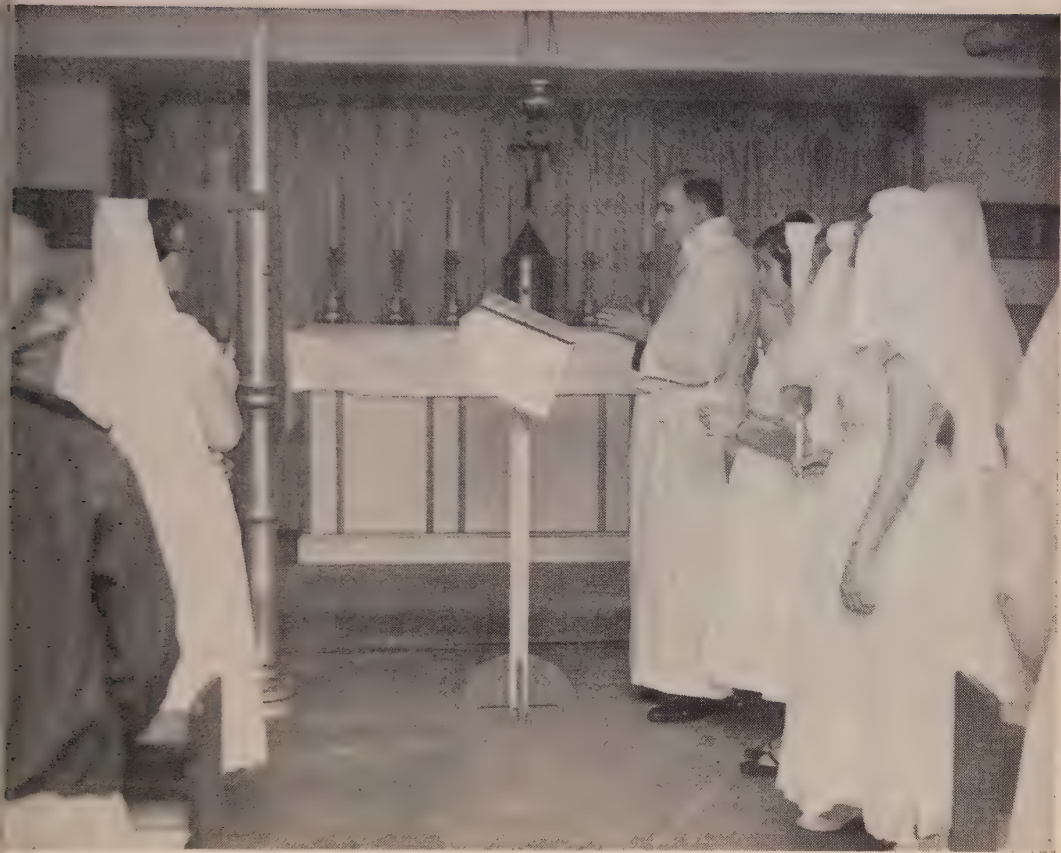
The restored liturgy was used by us for the first time this year, the lighting of the Paschal Candle was on Easter Even and the rest of the service at midnight. Easter morning there was the sung Mass as usual.

April 8th the wacolytes came to tea at the convent. We celebrated with Mrs. M. Evoy's banana cake, and tea out of mugs without saucers, just as the sisters have done. Our wacolytes not only do a large part of the sacristy work under Sister Frances' direction throughout the year, but the extra work of Holy Week, Tenebrae and Easter would be almost impossible without them.

On Thursdays in April there are teas for parents at the school. Mrs. Tapp spoke of teaching of reading to the mothers of Group I.

April 11 a Study Habits Clinic was held. The group discussion method was followed with conferences on special subjects: e.g. how to study language, how to write a Christian Doctrine Book Report, etc.

April 18-20 a retreat was held at the convent for some women of All Saints' Parish.



THE PASCHAL CEREMONIES AT MARGARET HALL SCHOOL

Indianapolis, of which Father Cirlot is rector. Meditations were given by Sister Ignatia.

April 23 Miss Freeland represented the principal at a meeting of the National Council of Independent Schools at the Louisville Country Day School. Dr. Francis Parkman was speaker.

April 23 Sister Frances spoke at Elwood, Indiana, on the Religious Life.

April 25, the Guild of St. Helena gave its annual luncheon at the new Grace Church, Louisville. Sister Frances spoke.

May as usual was filled with parties and picnics and other more serious events of the end of the school year.

May 1st two plays were given: *Parade at the Devil's Bridge* and *The Sausage Maker's Interlude*, by Ghéon. The plays were coached by Mrs. Tocher.

May 6th Mass and Corporate Communion

of the Guild of St. John the Divine was followed by a festival breakfast.

May 12th The Diocesan Convention met at Versailles. The juniors and seniors helped serve lunch at the parish house, and tea was given at the school for the delegates of the Woman's Auxiliary.

May 16th Mozarts' opera, *Papageno*, was given, under the direction of Miss Rose Mossel.

May 23rd was May Day. The Annual Alumnae Luncheon was held at the school. Speakers were Miss Emily Campbell, '48, who has just graduated from The Johns Hopkins Hospital as nurse, and Mary Anne (Howard) Amsbury, '40, author of a first novel, *Caesar's Angel*.

In the afternoon the Crowning of the Queen was held out of doors with a ballet by the lower school.

The school is being made the recipient of a beautiful memorial. When Mrs. Hopkins

died her family asked that, instead of sending flowers, her friends contribute to a fund to be given to the school in her memory. Their great generosity is enabling us to buy a statue of Our Lady for the Chapel, designed for us by the sculptor, James Wines. Our make-shift chapel is at present a room in the basement of the school, which we have long since outgrown. We felt that anything so important as a beautiful memorial statue should not be compressed to go into inadequate and temporary surroundings. So, with the statue of the Madonna and Child as keynote, the architect, Mr. Ward Sterling, who is Sister Jeannette's brother, as a memorial to their mother and father, is giving us drawings for the chapel we hope soon to build.

Retreat and Advance At Mount Calvary

During the winter and spring, in addition to the preaching work done away from Mount Calvary, we have been busy with the retreat work. The "retreatments," as the local newspaper once called them (appropriately, it seems to us) come from parishes mostly to the south of us, but we have had several groups from the San Francisco area. They arrive Friday evening, in time for an evening address. The silence begins at this point and continues until dinner at Sunday noon. The only person we ever heard of who objected to the rule of silence was himself normally a very taciturn fellow. Now, who can explain that?

Our schedule for retreatants is somewhat different from that observed elsewhere. The men have Mass at 7:30 a. m., with breakfast at 8:00 a. m. Then, Morning Prayer is said at 9:15 a. m., followed by an address. There are three other addresses given during the day, at 11:00 a. m., at 5:00 p. m. and at 8:00 p. m. In California the siesta is important, and it is observed carefully at Mount Calvary. We have known tired men to sleep all afternoon, and it is interesting to watch the lines of weariness gradually disappear from faces. Evening Prayer is said at 6 p. m. and "Night Prayers" at 9 p. m.

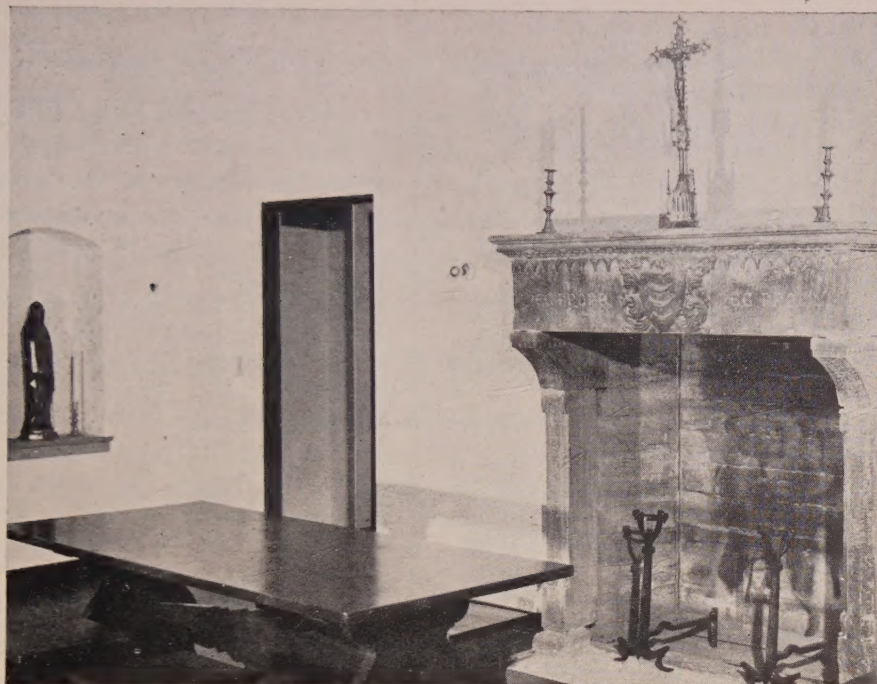
Another custom peculiar to our monastery is the growing one of a parish priest

coming with his vestry to make a week-end retreat.

Altogether we are very happy over the way Mount Calvary is being used as a retreat house. The gatherings for men have been so successful that the women began to say "What about us? Can't we have a place for retreat also?" We are happy to announce that an unknown donor has bought and presented to the Sisters of the Holy Nativity a beautiful and suitable house where retreats for women will be conducted, beginning in June of next year. Both men and women are now provided for on the great West Coast of our Country. Before the question was raised, we hasten to say that we will not, repeat NOT—establish a nursery for the children of parents coming to Santa Barbara for retreat!

So much on the matter of retreat. And now we have good news also in the way of advance. The last unit of Mount Calvary has been completed by the generosity of a friend. This wing of Mount Calvary will serve the double purpose of affording a restful accommodation for visiting bishops and others who wish especial quiet and seclusion, as well as an infirmary for the sick. Some time ago this need for an infirmary was brought home to us, when a young man whose home was in Chicago came to visit us. He suddenly came down with a high fever. The doctor who saw him told us to isolate him. But we had at the time no secluded room. Now through the generosity of Robert Clark a suite has been furnished which will afford proper care to a sick man. Since this wing of the monastery is outside the technical enclosure, the mother of the sick person could visit him and female nurses could be in attendance in critical cases. Of your charity give thanks for this munificent gift and say a prayer for Amy in whose memory the memorial was given.

Other advance of less import shows itself in the growing beauty of the gardens, necessary for the improvement of souls in body or soul whose cure has made the name "Mount Calvary" fragrant on the West Coast.



THE REFECTORY—MOUNT CALVARY MONASTERY
(Photographed by George F. Weld, Santa Barbara, California)

Notes

Father Superior continued to assist the Bishop of New York with the confirmations during the month of May, taking services at: St. John's, Cornwall; Good Shepherd, Grantsville, Pennsylvania; Holy Cross, Kingston; Saint Paul's, Pleasant Valley; Saint Andrew's, New Paltz; Saint John's, Monticello, and Holy Trinity, Rosendale. After these appointments he went down to Saint Andrew's School to attend the commencement exercises.

Father Kroll preached at Christ Church, Newark, New Jersey; and toward the end of the month left for the South, where he conducted a retreat at the Kanuga Conference, Hendersonville, North Carolina.

Father Parsell has been busy since his return from Liberia informing the Order of the Church at large about the progress of the Mission. During the past month he has spoken at Saint Augustine's Church, Asbury Park, and Saint Thomas's, Red Bank, New Jersey; given two addresses and a talk to the Woman's Auxiliary at the Chapel

of the Intercession, New York City; and done similar work at the Church of Saint Michael and Saint Mark, Brooklyn.

Father Harrison preached at Saint Clement's Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and at a presentation service the next day in the same city.

Father Hawkins preached at Grace and Saint Peter's Church, Baltimore, Maryland, on Whitsunday.

Father Harris gave a talk to the women of Saint Paul's Church, Albany, New York, on the work of our Liberian Mission.

Father Bicknell preached at St. Mary's Chapel, Baltimore, Maryland; and gave a talk on Religious vocation to a regional meeting of the American Church Union which had its meeting at the convent of the All Saints' Sisters, Cantonville, Maryland.

Father Packard gave an address on the work of the Liberian Mission to the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Albany at the Cathedral, and at Saint John's Church, Monticello, New York; made a tour of some of the Seminaries on behalf of the Seminarians Associate of the Order; conducted

two retreats for the Confraternity of the Love of God; the first for men at Holy Cross Monastery, the second for women, at the House of the Redeemer, New York City.

Father Adams continued with his work as chaplain to the Episcopalians at Sing Sing; preached at Trinity Church, Watervliet, New York, on their titular feast.

Father Gunn conducted a quiet day for Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Rochester at St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, New York.

Current Appointments

Father Superior will return to Holy Cross early in June and on the twelfth will preach the baccalaureate sermon at Saint Mary's School, Peekskill, New York. On the tenth he will confirm at Saint Paul's Church, Tivoli, New York, and on the twenty-seventh will give the commencement address at Saint Mary's-in-the-Field, Valhalla, New York.

Father Kroll will preach the baccalaureate sermon at Margaret Hall School, Versailles, Kentucky, on June 7.

Father Parsell will take a trip out to our western house in June, stopping off in Chicago on the way to preach at the Church of the Ascension on the seventh; and at All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, June 14.

Father Hawkins will give the address at South Kent School's Prize Day on June 6; and will preach at All Saint's Church, Indianapolis, Indiana, June 14.



A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY

Now anyone and everyone can enjoy the beauties of the Monastery at West Park and see the Religious Life as we live it. In pace with the popular appeal of Visual Education, the Order of the Holy Cross offers to lend sets of colored film-slide (2" x 2") to parish groups wishing to study the Religious Life. There are seventy slides illustrating every portion of the buildings and covering the full round of "a day in the life of the monk." Complete description and background information for their effective use is provided by a specially prepared script and a handbook. The latter may be purchased (for \$1.00) for parish libraries, or returned with the slides. The slides are not for sale, but will be sent on loan for the expense of postage and any offering which may be received at their showing. Address requests to: "O.H.C. Slides," Holy Cross Press, West Park, New York.

Father Bicknell will again take part in Valley Forge Youth Conference. He is now a veteran of this institution for thinks that this is his fourteenth year attendance. But this record is scarcely to the recent biographical item given him a Pennsylvania newspaper where it coolly stated that he had been a member of the Order for 78 years. This would put him ahead of both Fathers Hughson and S.

Father Packard will conduct a retreat for men of Grace Church, Mohawk, New York, at Holy Cross Monastery, June 12-14.

Father Adams will conduct a quiet day at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, New York City, June 9.

Father Gunn will conduct a retreat for men of the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, June 12-14.

Father Stevens will be chaplain of Valley Forge Conference, June 21-27.

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession June - July 1953

- 6 Tuesday G Mass of Trinity ii col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for religious education
- 7 Wednesday G Mass as on June 16—*for persecuted Christians*
- 8 St Ephraem Syrus CD Double W gl cr—*for chaplains in the armed services*
- 9 SS Gervasius and Protasius MM Simple R gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for the Priests Associate*
- 0 Of St Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration)
—*for the Community of Saint Mary*
- 1 3d Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* cr pref of Trinity—*for confer-*
ences and camps
- 2 St Alban M Double R gl col 2) St Paulinus of Nola BC—*for the Church of England*
- 3 Vigil of St John Baptist V col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—*for Christian reunion*
- 4 Nativity of St John Baptist Double I Cl W gl—*for the Community of Saint John Baptist*
- 5 Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—*for Saint An-*
drew's School
- 6 Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on June 25—*for Christian family life*
- 7 Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass a) of St John gl col 2) Vigil of SS Peter and Paul 3) of St
Mary LG Vigil or b) of the Vigil V col 2) Octave 3) of St Mary—*for the Seminarists Associate*
- 8 4th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) St John cr pref of Trinity—*for the Servants of Christ*
the King
- 9 St Peter the Apostle Double I Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—*for the bishops of the Church*
- Commemoration of St Paul Gr Double R gl col 2) St Peter 3) St John cr pref of Apostles—*for the con-*
version of sinners
- uly 1 Precious Blood of Our Lord Gr Double R gl col 2) St John cr pref of Passiontide—*for the Oblates of*
Mount Calvary
- 2 Visitation BVM Double II Cl W gl cr pref BVM—*for the Confraternity of the Christian Life*
- 3 St Irenaeus BM Double R gl col 2) Octave of the Apostles cr pref of Apostles—*for Church theologians*
- 4 Within the Octave of the Apostles Semidouble R gl col 2) Translation of St Martin BC 3) of St Mary
cr pref of Apostles—at Votive Mass of Independence Day W gl cr—*for our country*
- 5 5th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) Octave of the Apostles cr pref of Trinity—*for the peace*
of the world
- 6 Octave of the Apostles Gr Double R gl cr pref of Apostles—*for vocations to the Religious Life*
- 7 SS Cyril and Methodius BB CC Double W gl—*for the Church in Russia*
- 8 Wednesday G Mass of Trinity v col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—*for the faith-*
ful departed
- 9 Thursday G Mass of Trinity v col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for the Confraternity of the Love of God*
- 0 Friday G Mass as on July 9—*for Mount Calvary Monastery*
- 1 Of St Mary Simple W Mass as on June 20—*for the Order of Saint Helena*
- 2 6th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* cr pref of Trinity—*for the re-*
conciliation of enemies
- 3 Monday G Mass of Trinity vi col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—*for the Holy*
Cross Press
- 4 St Bonaventura BCD Double W gl cr—*for the Franciscans*
- 5 Wednesday G Mass of Trinity vi col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for the Liberian Mission*
- 6 Thursday G Mass as on July 15—*for social and economic justice*

Father Drake's Page . . .

Shad Fly . . .

The shad season is on here in the valley, and while I am anti-shad, I don't particularly mind if the fish choose to spawn in the Hudson. What I heartily dislike is the plague of tiny flies, swarms of which arrive with the first shad run. They look like minute house flies and they have a painful little stinger. Their bite is poisonous to some, and I'm one . . . swelling up almost immediately and nearly driven to drink by the itching. Otherwise, the valley is lovely in the merry month. Come and see us, but bring your own citronella. I should add that both the shad and the flies leave at the end of May, but then come the mosquitoes so . . .

Other Plagues . . .

Far more annoying and painful is the swarm of "ecumenical" (*sic*) communion services, part-episcopal-part-presbyterian parishes, and what not, which is now plaguing the Episcopal Church. I am glad that the *American Church Union* has spoken out on this matter of vital concern to all who love the Church, and if you aren't now supporting the ACU you ought to do so at once. Address: 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, and look at their advertisement in this issue.

Long Delayed . . .

Action by General Convention on the whole matter of these lawless and divisive acts on the part of bishops, and other clergy, has been too long delayed. The longer the delay the more difficult it will be to deal with the situation, and if we delay long enough, such practices will be taken as "normal".

Mowbray (London) . . .

This venerable publishing house is now completing plans to bring out an edition of Father Hughson's "Spiritual Letters" for

distribution in England and throughout the United Kingdom, with the exception of Canada. We are still accepting orders from Canada, but all others are referred to Mowbray. Early autumn has been set as the time when the Mowbray edition will appear.

Feel At Home . . .

In the late summer of 1950 the Rector of a Washington parish issued a little booklet which deserves to be better known. It is "Notes for a Newcomer in a Catholic Parish", and it surely fills a need. It is so simple and not at all technical. It answers the questions that "strangers within our gates" usually ask. The price is 15c plus a few cents for postage. One Hundred copies for \$12.50, plus postage. Order from: The Bookstall, Ascension and St. Agnes' Parish, 1215 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

Pamphlet On Penance . . .

We have just read "Penance in the Prayer Book" by the Rev'd Grieg Taber and was very much that we were the publishers. It is a top, and exactly what you have been looking for to hand to that Prayer Book Churchman who doesn't "believe in Confession". It is published by *The National Guild of Anglican Churchmen*, 145 West 46th St., New York 36, and is one of a series of excellent Tracts. This Guild is organized to maintain and propagate the historic doctrine, practice and teaching of the Anglican Communion as held by the Episcopal Church and contained in the Book of Common Prayer. Membership is \$2. annually. Write direct.

Cordially yours,

FATHER DRAKE,

Priest Associate, O.H.

May 1st, 1953